

DUNNO WIRES

“30!” RUSH WIRES

HAVE TO GO TO RICS WIRES

WERE GOIN TO RICS

SHIT COVER YEAH THAT’LL LEARN YA

**...ALCO OR HYPOCHONDRIAC: DRINKIN or THINKIN
your problem?**

LET’S GO!

To see BLOODY HELL or CENTRE NEGATIVE !

**HEALTH COLUMN: LIKING STUFF
KEY TO HAPPINESS**

RESEARCHERS UNSURE IF MUSIC JUST GOOD OR MEANS TO END

LIKING STUFF THE KEY TO SUCCESSFUL LIVING

People who like a variety of stuff are reportedly 99 percent more likely to also report high ratings on moments of life satisfaction and sense of purpose in life. Stuff likes includes youtube videos, flowers, weeds, feet, weet bix, milks, bandaids, human skin, background voices originating from children, computer keyboards, retro technology, uncertainty regarding the future and music and dancing and water most especially. Access to buildings was a confounding factor as well as not feeling sick and being able to get foods (but not an excess of foods) amongst other factors which could not be identified in this preliminary, exploratory study. Quality of life was originally thought to have originated in things other than things you like but now perhaps you can like things and know they are good for you.

WRITING THINGS AND MUSIC: THE CONTROVERSY

Being able to write and lay music and think of raps (on and off the stage and microphone) provides temporary reprieve but a systematic analysis in an Australian context, with a diverse sample including Matt Kennedy from Kitchens Floor and MC Kerser (Scott K) from Campbelltown and, for a Victorian representative, Gareth Liddiard from The Drones, and for WA, The Victims and from TAS, Treehouse and from NT, and ACT, we excluded territories because they are small (oh actually, Alchemist from CAN, and the kids playing metal in Samson and Delilah the film which may not be NT but is probably, hell living in a desert is one thing, no matter what state, so let's just have a desert representative, shall we) and, from SA, the

Wireheads, and, from NZ, Centre Negative, but they were excluded from Michale movie to Melbourne, so Girls Pissing and, The Chills from the South Island. From America, from the North of America as there are too many damn states and it would not be socially just to compare all the subcultures in America with all the mainly white ppl we selected in Aus and NZ, we choose Neo Neos and from the South of America we choose... Sepultura (but you weren't expecting South Americans). As this study on WRITING THINGS is getting too damn difficult for my little brain to process, I'll stop there. Ideally all of the categories of humans who write and play music would be repped here but it won't happen.

-----interlude added-----

I thought of a subtitle
Which is, "Objects don't exist for anything else. Some philosophers seem to resent images and words for not being the real things they represent but they just... are. They are just one other thing in the world, like the seashells which used to house crabs and sea snails. What of it? I don't know. Those things are signs of other histories or potential futures, given they are combined with other things. The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life is a description of what should be sociological/social/intuitive common sense because it describes how people walk into a room, look around, see how people look, see how 'the stage' looks, and either consciously or subconsciously act in a way to effect the responses of others in a way that either a) benefits them (more if they are cynics), b) benefits their social group in a slighter way, c) conserves the 'working agreement' in the room.

Under the surface there are all kinds of tensions and disagreements but we all (the actors, the interactants, interactors, agents, people) introduce ourselves to a room or a place or a discussion board giving clues about what we think should happen here, or how we will behave.

Some people can't actually think to do this. No, no, I guess it happens automatically. But you see some people are more aware of appearance, yeah? Or, caring about changing their appearance? Conscious of everybody else in the room rather than the shared immediate task?

Can't think beyond the classroom, some of them. Or they think too much beyond the classroom. Too grown up. Too immature. Oh I'm losing focus here. Here, this zine, these zines, are a document of my adjusting to the changes of my brain – in an oversimplified way. The fluctuations of my own abilities combined with the wide open time and, sometimes lack of grasping time, and – and, I had to pause for a moment to clarify 'sometimes' - ... Damn hwat was the point of this?

Well, I do know some factors of my variations in my ability to write here. Yeah of course, you need to get out the house, you're supposed to be writing about shows and the social world but how are you supposed to do that when you're in the house most of the time (I weakly counter with, well, sometimes you can see things differently if you're not caught up with it or can empathise with other weirdos and write about it), you've been out of uni for ages and this happy land won't be here forever, the one damn thing you need to do is GET UP. WALK TO A PLACE. GAWD DAMN. WHEN WERE YOU SO RISK AVERSE KT.

Well you know what I done? I lived in the seediest of shar--- no, I haven't. I put politicians in their place (nah).

Oh to be honest, really honest, there's a mental state that I had when I started writing these things that I think, maybe, is some kind of spiritual state. Oh dear now I discredit myself a bit. Well, I as reading Kirekegaard and...

Ah never mind, it could be a physical state. Back then I'd been walking around delivering papers. I had WORK and EXERCISE. Finished a course of iron tablets and was drinking that ginseng tea granules with normal cups of tea. Calm, not over-caffeinated.

It could also be (and it was, all of these factors) a SOCIAL and PSYCHOLOGICAL state. See, MK was working too, and there was a bit of camaraderie, and a bit of tension inside of me. He sent 8 photos that would be the cover photos for the zines. He seemed to embody something – and our friends – that felt like momentum and uh, confidence, that felt 'spiritually' as well as intellectually propelling. Something grounded

about them. A bit of cynicism, I reckon, and a bit of depression, but this kind of perspective that fed some part of my brain which was agitated but felt important. Watching shitty lte 90s films, GS laughing at a lot of stuff, not drinking as much, MK sedate and drunk, RV pointing out best heartfelt parts, (sometimes HB (Bris), Mich P., etc.) me KM attuned to this new circumstance and idoleogy observing, thinking a lot, medicated, drunk, thinking, learning 'what does this mean, what did this mean, to these people now and as children isolated", legitimately foreign to it as somebody partially savvy but part locked away from it economically and 'morally' I guess.

My own prejudices felt like they were being cut open, sliced slowly, I felt more raw and uh, I know that might sound like over-srs (SEE IM NOT OUT OF TOUCH) wankery but, yes, I have this slightly raw feeling that is exciting though a bit ambiguous.

See, see, (f I CAN see), knowing about the new FILMS and MUSIC and all can make you feel connected to the whole world. It can make you really intimidating to a little kid lookng for what NOW can land you with the HAPPENIN things even theoretically, by proxy, because they need to FIND THEMSELVES or something cause nothings lined up easily. Now this kid knows a lot of shit most likely, reads or istens to stuff either not relating or not the right content for the social return.

That stuff might be the foundations of Western society or something but this kid's not gonna have the perspective to critique film, music, literature much less, change the direction of the garage party, youtube session, conversational turn of his friends, when they dont have the social opportunities, wll they?

How will they ever find perspective? Lacking the foundations of society, such as, looking at things outside, reading things abnormal and uncool, not being perciev3ed in the clothes o fthe knowing and influential, not being closely aquainted with the things being seen in bedrooms and so on of the kids who knew? And now knowing remotely, what they don't know? What the other kids don't know, and the importance of it, I mean?

Oh, now I can connect these ambiguous, tense thoughts with a picture of a neuron.



stuff from other week

Alright, so a look at the stuff those ppl write n say and seme to feel says that it feels gud 2 write and play for a bit but its not enough almost as if, they write n play for some reason thats not writing n playing as an end in itself and they care about the world around them. Does that make music a dumb strategy or does it make it a crucial part of showing you gie a shit about sutff other than it and your having fun with it and that its just like the best thing u can do to say shit while also not being insane or while being insane and saying something and not having too much insanity? Well I guess we may figure next time or never ever. And what've we got? MUSIC when do we listen to it? NOW. And how does tha tmake us feel? AMBIVALENT BUT DISTRACTED. When do we not let the ramblings of ppl who somehow have access to print and intellectual and cultural capital ake us feel anxious and insecure about stuff thats been part of human cultural experience and fulness of life since who the fuck knows? NOW! WE LOVE MUSICIANS.... AND WRITERS!

THINGS WE LIKE

Inspired by the Vice Mag do's and donts.

DO like your thighs
Suck your lip
Look out the window

Message ur (yr?) friends, employers, distant cousins, tutors intoxicated
Chop your clothes and sew them or put tape on them or not repair holes and nod enthusiastically when ppl say ur 'grunge'
not notha with puntuaation
DONT
have a mix of shoes u dont like and blown up 2l goon bags under your shelf
have a plastic shopping bag tied up with shirts with mold on them that u left in the laindry
celebrate ur disorganisation implicitly unless u acknowledge ur penance which is, feeling like your cultural contribution is a bit less inspiring, and confessing to all

ITS GUD ENOUGH FOR MC KERSE

Then it's good enough for me
I dont trust ne1 who couldnt rap like they from sydney
cambelltown like I could only imagine
hours free waiting at the centrelink
tightest clique
at the park where id cross the street
they scare me
but I dont give a damn im from brissie
I just glare at all the cunts I see in teneriffe
yeah talk shit but in my house the rents cheap
it aint a statement but u dont wanna ask how it is
u wanna think that you're underprivileged
well maybe so am I if you think you're resilient
some fit dude heading to disability allowance
I think I might have a word with your parents
and u know im trying too hard too impress youse
im trying to hard to impress youse
dont know if your shits even my business
ill rhyme so long that youse'd feel sick
I dont even know if im feeling it
rattling shit off like it's just my job
dont know whats real or just media tv
you remind me of my brothers friends
youd forgive me I dunno what im doing
id be amazed if you just said my name...
or even met my junkie ex housemate
but I never hear you mention the shit that starts with h
I see your struggle and I avoid it and I pray
doubt im good enough to help but I dont wanna be complacent

dunno what its like to have doomed friends at
age, thirteen, doomed parents at, age seven, or
whateber ti was the scientific factors
I dont even know but some people
are just plain cunts
or something like that just make sure ill listen

feels a bit rubbish to write
when I keep a picture of my mum in sight
wouldnt say im drunk on sunday night
didnt go to church either

yeah ill shut up,
tbh I dont car eyouve been to court
the trial is if youd bully ppl like me in high
school
but I get that that was a long time ago so youll
forguve my parents sent me to proivate school
I only just got over the guilt
see I couldnt made it
didnt fucked some bandido on pills
or some law tutor at griffatafe university
not creative writing cause
theres no money in that
I take my work to the streets like a bigt issue
homeless man
yeah fuck it
no chorus no anthem theres nothing this arvo is a
waste theres a lot or fuck all im saying
..plz plz wait I will find my anthem
heard your songs n I wont forget em
... even if I moved to fucken canberra

WEEKEND OF NO SHOWS

I didn't go anywhere but I saw your feed. See
girls starting bands and I think, good luck.

COME TO MY HOUSE
HELP
MAKE ME DO THINGS

TIME DOESNT EXIST

Nope,. it's just part of my brain. I can watch
concerts and jump with them.

NEOTYPES LIVE CD IS FAKE

THOSE CHEERS ARE FAKE. I BOOKED MY
TICKETS TO MINNESODA TO SEE THEM. I
AM OUT RAGED AT THIS AND I AM

LOOKING INTO SEEING IF THERE ARE
AMERICAN LAWS AGAINST DOING SUCK
THINGS AND WHY THE NSA DIDNT TELL
ME THAT IT WAS ALL RECORDED IN THE
BEDROOM. THERE ARE MANY OTHER
PUNKS LIKE ME WHO WANTED TO GO TO
MINNESODA WWHERE THERE EVIDENTLY
SEEMED TO BE CHEERING BANDS,
ACTUALLY I AM GETTING IT MIXED UP
WITH 'BORN INNOCENT'. I WOULD NOT
BE FOOLED TWICE WITH DEVIN
TOWNSENDS PUNKY BREWSTER LIKE IN
GRADE 7 AND DIDNT THINK ANYONE
WOULD ATTEMPT IT. THE NEOTYPES ONE
MAY HAVE BEEN REAL.